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For the Myrtle.

Lines in Memory of One Beloved.

IT is Spring, and the robins have come once more,
To the old oak trees by our cottage door;
Where year after year they have builded a nest,
On the branch of the tree that they love the best.

And again let them build in that place; for no boy
The nest of our robins hath dared to destroy;
And sing as last Springtime, for they do not ken
The change that has passed o'er our household since then.

For then there was one whom we see not now,
With a thoughtful mind and a youthful brow,
Who labor and care knew not to shun,
But cheerfully worked till the work was done.

When the shortened night and the lengthened day,
Told that Spring into Summer had melted away,
His face grew pale, and his form grew thin,
And we feared the fate of our dearest of kin.

More painful the watch grew from day to day,
As we found that he surely was passing away:
With his brave, loving heart, and his voice of truth,
To the cold, dark grave in his early youth.

The fervid heat of the Summer was o'er;
The farmer had gathered his grain in store;
And brown were the leaves which the fitful breeze
Tossed from the limbs of the old oak tree,
When with faith and hope in the Father on high,
Our loved one lay down on his bed to die.

Oh! sacred indeed to our hearts be that day:—
On the morn of the Sabbath his soul passed away:
Fearless, trusting, and calm, to that world of light,
Where the morn of the Sabbath hath never a night.

Mrs. N. H. Howard.

— — — — —
THERE'S never a day so sunny,
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy,
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

For the Myrtle.

Our Birds.



SPRING is coming. Winter's stern sway is giving way, just a little, to the sugar snows, when early in the morning you may be awakened from your last dream by a clear, bright trill, in the direction of some copse-wood or grove near your house in the country, or your home near some city park, and you wonder

what bird-note has broken your morning slumber. It is a beautiful note, though something of the metallic ring of winter is apparent; but still it is music in itself and besides it is a signal of Spring.

March winds may still blow, but gentle April with milder breezes and summer skies is in the train. What is that little bird with such a distinct note? You watch and inquire and you will find it is the Song Sparrow. "It is the voice of the turtle heard in our land."

Now you may begin to look for the Bluebird's coming from the South or the Bermuda Isles, and soon after, that dear old friend Robin Red-breast is among us again. Then, when the mottled leaves of the dogtooth violet make their way up through the dry old leaves of last year, and the fragrant arbutus peers among its trail-

The Mistle

ing foliage on the ground, the sweet voice of the Phebe is heard. Spring has *now* actually come when you hear the note of the Phebe-bird. Every child hails its welcome sound. The very aroma of childhood is in its sweet voice. Perhaps it is because there is so much in a name that it is the little girls' pet bird of Spring. As the Swallow is associated with the dandelion in May, so is the idea of the Phebe with the blue, sunny, smiling hepaticas of April. It loves the light woodlands and open plains and fields of man. With this bird we hear the Woodpecker expressing his joy for the brightness of Spring, in pecking a high hole in the tree.

May is the month of Swallows, though they are sometimes seen in April. They flit about the eaves of barns, and the sharp points of their wings distinguish them from other birds of their season. In May, too, the Brown Thrush or Thrasher returns from its Southern home and seeks the old nest of the other year, and the bright plumaged Oriole or Hangbird begins the work of building its "Castle in the air." You can always tell the Oriole by its nest, suspended to a branch swaying to the winds, or swinging its rock-a-by from some high top of a tree. You will find these hanging nests in pasture and woodland in the country, or see their bright plumage flash among the shining leaves of the Flowering Chestnut that ornaments the streets of some inland city.

It is not so easy to designate the Thrushes. One sings to the fresh unfolding of the woods, and others tarry till all the trees of vales and hills open their myriad leaves. Except the two white bands on its wings the color of the Brown Thrush is told in its name. It tells you of its coming by the loud varied melody of its song. Sometimes you will find its nest in the alders, and sometimes on the ground. The color of its eggs is a faint tinge of buff dotted with brown. As the solitary or Hermit Thrush loves the depths of the densest woods, its angelic note is seldom heard. The Wood Thrush sings in our lighter woodlands, and may be known by the reddish brown general color above, with a tint of olive on its tail and the pure white with blackish spots on its breast and sides. It sings most just before and after a summer rain. Not knowing its better name in childhood I called it the Rain-bird. I have listened to its song in the lighter woodlands of New England and in the denser forest that forms a green wall along the Alleghany valleys,

and to my ears not even the varied notes of the Mocking Bird of Port Royal are equal to the clear, serene, silvery voice of this northern Thrush. It is one of the sweetest sounds in nature, and always suggests the idea of some spirit voice from a far distant sphere. Perhaps this is not just an orthodox idea; but then we read that the Spirit of God once took the form of a Dove, and may not this bird be some spirit messenger of joy and peace to the human soul?

Did you ever pass near a meadowland in the morning or near at sunset, and your presence startle up a flock of thick, stout brown birds, each feather with a brownish white margin and a pale, reddish brown terminal spot? These are Meadow Larks. Their flight is short, unsteady, and not high. They roost on the ground. Their nests are shaped like an old-fashioned oven, and are built on the ground where may be found four or five pearly white eggs with brown spots on the larger end.

The American Skylark is a smaller and more graceful bird. It flies very high and bounds and sings in its flight. Its nest is also bilt in some tuft of grass on the ground.

Then there are numerous species of smaller dentirostral birds which inhabit almost all parts of the world, and appear in flocks and alight on fences and branches. These birds are brown in their general color and are called Titlarks. The song of the Lark is most heard in early morning, while the Thrush is most musical near eventide. The Titlark is also a ground bird, and it is into their nests that the solitary Cuckoo sometimes deposits its eggs.

Though the Cuckoo is so wanting in good domestic qualities, there is something strangely interesting in that lonely, wandering bird; something touching and appealing in its sad, desponding note. Its plaintive voice is equal only in pathos to the Mourning Dove, whose notes I always regarded in my childhood as a funeral prophesy. The Cuckoo is a kind of rainbird, too, and the haymakers are sometimes warned by its note of a coming shower.

The Cow Bunting is another bird of bad domestic habits, and loves to shirk its parental responsibilities by dropping its large, strange egg into the nest of the summer Yellow Bird.

The Wren is a little thick stout bird, and may be known by the peculiar way it carries its tail, which tips a little from the perpendicular towards its head and back. It is a very familiar bird and

builds its nests near houses. Its eggs are from five to six in number, of a reddish pale color, and it raises two broods in a season.

But look now at yonder brilliant, aristocratic-looking bird, with an air of grandeur and steady purpose in its earnest flight. It is no neighboring rustic, but a visitant from the Tropics, you know by its high rich coloring. Mexico or Central America must sometime have been the home of that bright scarlet bird with such glossy black wings and tail. It is the Scarlet Tanager.

We little realize the number of tropical looking birds, that leafy June and intense July woo into our sunny open lands and northern woods. One must visit the home of some bird admirer of our own vicinity, and see his collection, stuffed with his own hand, and then, by the flashing color of one and the rich and delicate tints of another, he will wonder if it is *possible* that all this rarity of beauty in birds, is found within the precincts of his own neighboring open lands and woods.

The Red-winged Blackbird is an example of a brilliant bird that prefers the meadows and lowlands, and the Goldfinch or Thistlebird, with the bright yellow covering of its body, and with its crown, wing and tail tipped with glossy black, is another, not to say anything about the variety of little Humming-Birds that seem like infantile spirits among our summer flowers. The real Blackbirds are in such disfavor with corn-growers, that the old braggarts are not mentioned with the same delight as other birds, though they often enliven the meadows and marshlands with the cheer of their song. There is a ring of success in its tone, that, however annoying it may be to the corn-growers, sounds gay and enspiriting to the passer among lowlands and marshes, where the cowslips grow. The vivacious little twitter and ecstasy of the Yellow or Thistlebird makes it a favorite among the Finches.

The Humming-Bird is early associated in my mind with the high, scarlet flowering balm, which we children used to find in large groups on the fallow grounds and called them trainers, from their fancied resemblance to the red tipped plumes on the military caps, at old May trainings. Here these tiny things thrust in their little bills and only looked like a single ruby-colored feather on this moving herbage. The young Sandpiper along the creeks and river beaches, with its soft silken blackish feathers, are also among the bright memories of childhood. Some-

times we stealthily carried one under our pinafore or apron into the school-room, and kept it hidden under our hard benches until the hour of twelve or four brought us into the sunshine of fields and freedom again.

Autumn birds come with autumn flowers. You have already heard a great twittering and seen a great commotion in Swallow kingdom. They have gathered themselves together in flocks and flown southward. Not another one is seen after that marked day of Swallow commotion.

Silently the Thrushes have all gone. We miss them when we miss the bloom of the Orchis. The songs of spring and summer seem to be floating away from us, for the birds have all raised their broods and gone to introduce them to their new homes in the sunnier South for the winter. We look wistfully now to the North to supply the deficiency. A few autumn Finches come to us and so do some Sparrows and Warblers also. The Jay we still hear, for that bird remains with us the winter through. The Partridges drum on the bared and dry old trees, and remain and huddle together beneath the winter snows.

Then Hudson's Bay Country sends us some black headed Chickadees, and Winter Wrens, and Snowbirds. The Pine Finches appear among us, and sometimes these different colored winter birds alight together upon the bared leafless branches of the rose-bushes near our windows, and tell us by their brightness that God still remembers us, though all Nature seem sleeping beneath the winter snows. That dark colored bird with white wings is called the Crossbill. You see by the peculiar form of its beak that it is fitted to peck out the seeds or the cones of the firs and pines. That rose breasted Grosbeak is the aristocrat from the North in the winter as was the Scarlet Tanager from the South in the summer.

But I have overlooked many sweet summer and winter birds. Among them is the little striped-backed, chipping Sparrow, so familiar about our gardens and fences. Almost all these little familiar birds are called Sparrows, and we read in the New Testament that not even a Sparrow falls to the ground without our Heavenly Father's notice.

Mary F. Putnam.

Do you wish to learn how to give anything?
Then fancy yourself in the place of the receiver.



Spring.

§ *SPRING is coming," cry the swallows in the hedges ;
 " Spring is coming," call the lambs upon the hills ;
 " Spring is coming," croak the bullfrogs in the sedges,
 On the margin of the little sparkling rills.*

*" Spring is coming," murmur low the balmy breezes,
 As the bare boughs to and fro they gently swing ;
 " Lo ! the Winter now his icy hold releases,
 Warmth and sunshine are returning with the Spring."*

*" Spring is coming," say the buds upon the beeches,
 While the maples in the breeze their tassels fling,
 And each grass blade from the mould its pale face reaches,
 And re-echoes, " Spring is coming, lovely Spring !"*

*" Spring is coming," cry the sunbeams gaily glancing,
 " From the sunny Southland where she tarried long ;"
 " Coming, coming," call the brooklets, blithely dancing,
 To the fields that echo back the happy song.*

*" Spring is coming, coming, coming !" cry the flowers —
 I can almost hear them growing 'neath the leaves —
 Withered leaves that strew the naked woodland bowers,
 And the fields where fell the golden harvest sheaves.*

*" With the Springtime we are coming, and our faces
 Soon in all the verdant meadows you will see ;
 In the hedge-rows, and the wildwood's pleasant places,
 We will frolic with the butterfly and bee !"*

*And the hill repeats the message to the mountain —
 The message that the fleet-winged swallows bring :
 And from every tinkling crystal rill and fountain
 Rings the joyous answer, " Welcome to the Spring !"*

Little Sower.

For the Myrtle.

The Magic Wand of the Prophet.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HERDER.

"Gird thy loins," said Elisha to his servant Gehasi, as the woman of Shunam implored him to awaken her son, "and take this wand in thy hand. Then if any one meets thee, greet him not, and if any one greets thee, thank him not ; and lay my wand upon the face of the boy, then shall his soul return to him again."

Joyfully Gehasi hastened with the magic wand of the Prophet after which he had so long yearned, for long ago he had desired to do a miracle.

"Where hastenest thou, Gehasi?" called Jehu, the son of Nimri, to him.

"To raise one dead," answered Gehasi, "for here is the Prophet's wand."

Eagerly the crowd collected about him, and hastened on behind him ; and from all the places and villages through which he passed, the people swarmed after him to see the raising of the dead. And with light step Gehasi went before them, and as they came to Shunam he stepped up and placed the wand upon the countenance of the boy.

But there was no voice nor feeling. He turned the wand about and placed it upon him otherwise — right and left, over and under — but the boy awoke not, and Gehasi was mocked by the multitude. Abashed, he turned back to the Prophet, and proclaimed it to him, saying, "The boy is not awaked."

Then Elisha took the wand and hastened to Shunam, and went into the house, and closed the door against them all. And he prayed to God, and rose up and placed his mouth to the child's mouth, his eyes to the child's eyes, and covered him entirely with his own body, until the body of the child was warm.

With what did he warm the dead? With his silent, humble prayer; with his disinterested, unselfish love. "Take now thy son!" he said to the mother, and the vain Gehasi stood abashed.

E. F. C.

GOOD, kind, true, holy words dropped in conversation may be little thought of, but they are like seeds of flowers of fruitful trees falling by the wayside, borne by some birds afar, haply there-after to fringe with beauty some barren mountain side, or to make glad some lone wilderness.

For the Myrtle.

The Freshet.



THE Dish-mill Brook was a noisy, brawling stream, whose course was about two miles away from our old home. It was so called because a small mill for the turning out of wooden bowls and ladles had once stood on its bank, its water-wheel turned by a fall in the stream. The Dish-mill Brook had its rise in the mountain that rose blue against the horizon, and the stream came tumbling down among the hills

surprised to hear one morning from the East Village, that the Dish-mill Brook was rising rapidly and that they feared a freshet.

Before noon the Brook was over its banks. All the men in our village went over to see what havoc it was making, and to assist, if necessary.

By night we heard that the water was in the village street. Many of the women went over, as well as the men, and there was the noise of going to and fro, and the flashing of lanterns all night. We children, lying awake, almost imagined we could hear the roar of the water, though it was probably only the wild wind of the early April.



with many rapids and falls, that made its flow very swift and strong.

When there were long-continued rains, especially in the Spring, when the snow melted, this stream was apt to behave in a very wild and reckless manner. It would roar and boil and rise so fast that you could almost see the water deepen as it rushed on. It would overflow its banks and cover the meadows with floating drift-wood, and uproot great trees, and even wrench the underpinning of strong buildings that stood far away from the shore in ordinary times.

Bnt its greatest exploit took place one early spring which I well remember. The snow had been very deep and melted rapidly, and freshets were expected everywhere. So we were not

In the morning there were great stories to tell. The mill-dam was entirely gone. Barns and sheds had been carried off and their timbers were floating everywhere. The great stone underpinned gristmill had been turned nearly half round by the whirling water, when the dam gave way. And strangest of all, the Hubbard house, that stood far down the stream, on the flats, had been utterly washed away and broken to pieces, and there wasn't a vestige of it left!

The family had all escaped, they said, though barely with their lives. The water rose so fast, that people had no sooner begun to think of danger and rush to get them out than the foundations were already going away.

But soon a neighbor brought more startling

news. The youngest child but one, little Kitty Hubbard, was not to be found. The mother, who had her baby to care for, had been told that Kitty was safe at a neighbor's, and some one had told the father that Kitty was safe with her mother but at daylight it turned out that among them all the little three-year child was missing.

What a day was that! They could not yet launch a boat on the stream, but riders were sent down the shore even to where the brook joined the river. Other riders went on to the next village, where the freshet was also making havoc, to find if any pieces of the house—or alas, if any little body—had been found there. And besides, everybody made a kind of dismal search through the village and all about the scene of the disaster. The feelings of the poor mother can best be imagined. As for the father, he was the foremost of the party who had gone on their sad errand down the stream.

It was well towards night when the great shout arose in our village that drew everybody to the windows or out of doors. A horse came dashing along with a sleigh half gliding over snow and half grating in the mud. In the sleigh was a half-grown boy who held his head very high, and a motherly woman who held up high and proudly in her arms a bundled-up child,—little Kitty! Everybody shouted when they comprehended that here was Kitty safe and sound; and the woman nodded and waved her to and fro as if she had been a flag, while the boy bowed grandly right and left.

But they could not stop to explain. Indeed, they had driven out of their way to have this little sensation of coming through the village. So everybody that could follow on, did so.

This is the story, as it was told at our supper table when the men came home. Little Kitty herself was too bewildered to tell how it happened, but it was supposed that when they came down stairs she got separated from the rest in the darkness and strayed into the L-kitchen instead of out of doors. The L-kitchen had luckily a plank floor heavily spiked to strong timbers, and when the house went to pieces it clung together and floated like a raft. Kitty only knew that she was all alone in the night, holding on to something while the wind blew and everything roared around her and made her afraid.

At this point the boy we had seen, Charley Burt, took up the story. He was at work in a sugar-place about a mile above the next village;

and knowing of the freshet he had gone as early as he could see to save the buckets on some trees near the stream. He stood on the bank watching the timbers and brush floating down, when he heard a child crying lustily. He soon saw in the gray light the great board raft with a great beam lodged on it, and clinging to the beam what looked no bigger than a baby, crying as loud as it could scream for fright.

"Gracious!" said Charley, "*there* was a sight. I didn't know whether I was going to jump in or *what* I was going to do, when the raft came alongside and almost lodged. I couldn't stop her, but jumped aboard. I tell you I clung on to that baby, and let her drive!"

He couldn't do anything but "let her drive" in that rush of water. The raft would be struck by floating timbers and drift against the bank and whirl slowly round and go on again, and they could only cling on and ride, he and the strange baby!

Charley soothed and comforted the child and warmed her little chilled form in his arms as they floated on. All the time he was looking for a place to land, and each time his raft caught and lodged, he was in hopes to get ashore. But it would whirl on again, and so the two strange passengers went on the whole mile, down to the next village. People began to see them from the shore, but could not help them, only to follow on, and be on hand when the raft stopped.

At the mill-pond in the village they came to land. Men and women were on the bank, shouting and calling to them, and wondering where this strange crew had come from.

"Everybody wanted to take the little girl," said Charley, "but I said, '*No ma'am*, I thank you,' and I just took her in my arms and marched to my mother's with her, and my mother fed her and brooded her and dressed her up: and when the men came hunting for—what p'raps there might be left of her,—they sent 'em up to *our* house! And I sent the men back to tell her folks, and my mother and I, we brought her home, sir!"

The men laughed at the flourish with which Charley Burt wound up his story. But we children thought he had a right to feel as grand as a king.

H. A. B.

AIR is a dish which one feeds on every minute; therefore it ought always to be fresh.



Our Sunday Schools.

MASSACHUSETTS.

— The Shawmut Avenue Sunday School, of Boston, celebrates its anniversary on Palm Sunday, March 28.

— The Roxbury Sunday School celebrated its Forty-Fourth Anniversary, March 8th. A fine address was given by the Superintendent, Mr. Franklin Williams, who has been connected with the school as pupil, teacher, and officer for the entire forty-four years. The school numbers four hundred and thirty-five members, and is divided into forty-five classes, besides the infant class, and adult Bible Class. The one-topic system is used, with much interest and profit.

— The Columbus Avenue Sunday School, having recently supplied itself with new service and singing books, makes liberal donations of its former books to two new Sunday Schools at the West: one at Lapier, Michigan, and one in Ohio.

— The Sunday School at Beverly has increased its average attendance *one half*, during the year. Rev. J. N. Emery is pastor, and has just had further witness of the zeal of his parish in the payment of its debt of nearly three thousand dollars.

— We learn from the parish at Southbridge, that "fresh interest has been awakened in the Sunday School the past year, by the adoption of the uniform lesson system." The vestry has been newly finished, and a grand festival is soon to be given.

— During the brief pastorate of Brother S. L. Beal, at Provincetown, the Sunday School has found itself able to invest in one hundred new service books, the same number of singing books, and library books to the amount of one hundred and twenty-five dollars. The school has increased rapidly in numbers, and all are zealously engaged. The church is found too small on the occasion of the Sunday School Concerts.

— The Sunday School at Annisquam has a branch at Lanesville, and both schools have recently given Sunday School Exhibitions that have proved both interesting and profitable.

— The Sunday School at West Acton lately joined with the Society in a festival, tableaux, declamations, etc., being given by the young people. An excellent time was the result, of which the children had their full share.

— The lectures given to the teachers of the Sunday School Union at Wesleyan Hall, Boston, have been of great interest. The two in March were by Rev. Mr. Chambré and Rev. Mr. Stowe: the former on "The Kingdoms of Israel and Judah," the latter on "William Tyndale and the English Bible." The only thing to regret about these lectures is that the audiences are not larger, to hear them.

VERMONT.

— The Sunday School at Springfield, so well known for good work in the past, has added a net gain of thirty-five scholars within the last six months. The school now numbers over two hundred and fifty members. Rev. J. F. Gates is the pastor.

— The School at Chester prospers under the united efforts of the pastor, Rev. E. J. Chaffee, and his sister, Mrs. Noble, who is the Superintendent. The latter has formed a young peoples' Dramatic Club which has given several literary entertainments to great acceptance, and to the gain of the Sunday School, as the proceeds have been applied to that good purpose.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

— The School at Weare has been deeply afflicted in the loss of one of its most active and estimable young ladies, Miss Floretta Foster. She was the daughter of one of our ministers, now deceased, and of Mrs. Foster, whose pieces for Sunday School Concerts and other writings are well known to our Sunday School. Her only brother died a year since, and the afflicted mother is now left alone. Miss Foster had been one of the teachers in the school since its formation, and had led the music, her manner and spirit in this service adding greatly to the devotional tone of the school. She will be greatly missed.

RHODE ISLAND.

— The Sunday School at Valley Falls illustrates the way in which churches are to be built up. The School secures the services of a minister! and he is to preach each alternate Sunday. Of course the School has a place for him to preach in, owning already a chapel and other property to the amount of \$2500. A society is as good as made, out of such a Sunday School as that.

NEW YORK.

— The Bleeker St. Sunday School of New York City, held its thirty-sixth annual exhibition, on the evenings of Wednesday and Thursday, March 11 and 12. We only hear of it that, as usual, the programme was crowded with interest, and the church crowded with friends.

— The Sunday School at Buffalo, where Rev. L. J. Fletcher is pastor, numbers between three and four hundred members and is prospering apace. The pastor has given a very interesting series of lectures on his recent travels in Palestine and Syria.

OHIO.

— The Sunday School at Clyde, in sending new orders, says with emphasis, "We are in a good condition as a Sunday School." Which is evident.

INDIANA.

— Bro. J. W. Eldridge, pastor at Frankfort, writes, "I have just organized the First Universalist Sunday School here, with the very flattering number of forty-eight present at the first session. Our prospects are favorable for a school of over a hundred."

ILLINOIS.

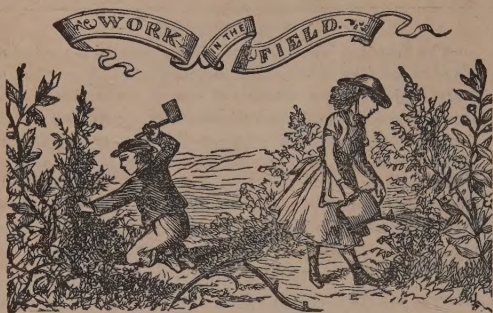
— The Sunday School at Joliet has taken a fresh impulse of life. Through the work of the ladies it has been freed from debt; and has made an addition to its library. *The Helper* is used, and teachers' meetings are held each Saturday evening.

MINNESOTA.

— A new Sunday School has been organized in Dundas, and preaching is held every two weeks. The future for the school and for a society is promising.

The International Topics for 1875.

The *Christian Union* says: "If every scholar were as prompt and diligent in preparing his International lesson beforehand as the committee are in arranging the subjects for the future, there would be little reason to complain that there is not much study done in the schools. The committee are certainly in good season, as they have now finished the schedule of the lessons for 1875. During the first quarter, Joshua is to be studied; in the second quarter, Judges; in the third and fourth quarters the Gospel of John. The members of the committee are Rev. Drs. John Hall, Vincent, Gillett, Mr. Henry P. Haven and others, and they all unite in saying that the intelligence which has reached them in regard to the general adoption of these lessons throughout the English-speaking world, and among the people of other tongues as well, fills them with "profound gratitude to God whose hand is now so clearly in the movement." The London Sunday School Union will hereafter adopt the same lessons that we do on this side.



Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON LV.—PAUL.

Question. — Who succeeded Felix, as governor?

Answer. — Acts xxv. 1.

Q. — To what place did he go, very soon after he came to the province?

A. — Acts xxv. 1.

Q. — What did the chief priest and principal Jews do to him, respecting Paul?

A. — Acts xxv. 2.

Q. — What did they request of him respecting Paul?

A. — Acts xxv. 3.

Q. — What did the Jews intend to do to Paul, when on his way to Jerusalem?

A. — Acts xxv. 3.

Q. — What did Festus say to their request?

A. — Acts xxv. 4.

Q. — To what place did Festus tell them he was soon going?

A. — Acts xxv. 4.

Q. — What did Festus tell the Jews to do in Paul's case?

A. — Acts xxv. 5.

Q. — How long did Festus remain in Jerusalem?

A. — Acts xxv. 6.

Q. — To what place did he return?

A. — Acts xxv. 6.

Q. — What did he do with Paul?

A. — Acts xxv. 6.

Q. — What did the Jews do before the governor?

A. — Acts xxv. 7.

Q. — What reply did Paul make to the charges?

A. — Acts xxv. 8.

Q. — What proposition did Festus make to Paul, to please the Jews?

A. — Acts xxv. 9.

Q. — What answer did Paul make?

A. — Acts xxv. 10.

Q. — What was Paul willing to do if he was guilty?

A. — Acts xxv. 11.

Q. — Did Paul refuse to go to Jerusalem?

A. — Acts xxv. 11.

Q. — To whom did he appeal from the governor's court?

A. — Acts xxv. 11.

Q. — Did Festus grant his appeal?

A. — Acts xxv. 12.



Enigma No. 1.

I am composed of twelve letters.

My first was glad to let my second go;

For all my twelfth was filled with woe;

My third and fourth my fifth was made,

And thus to Moses was an aid;

When near my sixth the people drew,

My seventh they were told to do;

Beyond my eleventh, the famous sea,

My tenth, my eighth, and ninth should be.

I was guide by night.

Enigma No. 2.

I am composed of nine letters.

When Pharaoh to my eighth did go,

My first and second went also;

And by commandment of my third,

About my fourth and sixth he heard;

My seventh with his shepherd's rod,

By the authority of God,

Into red blood the water turned,

Because my fifth the monarch spurned.

My whole did likewise.

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In any case where money has been sent, and the date has not been changed to correspond, we will be glad to be notified, and the mistake will be corrected.

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